

The Tragedy of Hamlet

leave betimes, let be.

*At table prepared, Drums, Trumpets, and Officers with cushions,
King, Queen, and all the state, foiles, daggers, and Laertes.*

King. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon sir, I have done you wrong,
But pardon it as you are a Gentleman: this presence knowes,
And you must needs have heard how I am punish't
With a sore distraction; what I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I there proclaime was madnesse.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never Hamlet;
If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away,
And when hee's not himselfe does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it:
Who does it then? his madnesse: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore Hamlets enemy;
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evill
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow ore the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whole motive in this case should stirre me most
To my revenge, but in my tearmes of honour
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne honour
I have a voice and president of peace
To my name ungor'd: but all that time
I doe receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ha. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.
Give us the foiles:

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance:
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Sticke fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. No by this hand.

Kin. Give them the foils young *Ofrick*; cousin *Ham*.
You know the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord:

Your Grace has laid the oddes a'th weaker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I have seen you both,
But since he is better we have therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heavie, let me see another.

Ha. This likes me wel, these foils have all a length

Ostr. I my good Lord,

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon the table;

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their Ordnance fire;
The King shall drink to Hamlets better breath,
And in the cup an Onyx shall he throw
Richer than that which foure successive Kings
In Denmarks Crown have worn. Give me the cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Canoneer without,
The Cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.
Now the King drinke to Hamlet: come begin, *Trumpets*
And you the Judges beare a warie eye. *the while.*

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, Trumpets, and shot,*

Laer. Well, againe. *Flourish, a Peece goes off.*

King. Stay, give me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health: give him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while,
Come, another hit, what say you?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall win.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Here Hamlet, take my napkin, wipe thy browes:

N 2

The